



FIRST
COMICS
DELUXE
SERIES™

MAY \$1.75
NO. 5
\$2.25 CANADA

THE BADGER™

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BUTLER

Dear LARRY,:

% FIRST COMICS
1014 DAVIS
EVANSTON, IL
60201

"Put on a costume and fight crime? You'd have to be nuts!" and so **The Badger** was born, to give voice to the closet fascist and the psychopath in me.

Sometimes, when I see people hogging the left-hand lane ten miles under the speed limit in their Buicks, or throwing trash on the sidewalk, or gazing the other way while Fido takes a dump on the neighbor's lawn, or holding loud conversations in movie theaters, I want to stomp and bludgeon and bazooka them into little piles of suet.

A little of **The Badger** exists in each of us, particularly in men who have to cope with "male anger" (women have to cope with it too, but not in the same way), and in comics fans who like to store their feces in mason jars (except for First fans who are wonderfully well-adjusted). As we grow old, we're supposed to grow smart — the so-called "maturation" process. We're no longer permitted to grow livid at minor provocations. The adrenaline should not flow. The testosterone, ideally, should remain at manageable levels.

But the truth is, while most of us learn to control our behavior to the extent that we don't stomp or bludgeon — appear quite normal, in fact — we don't get *rid* of it. We swallow it undigested — it gathers in the gut and eats away at the lining and in no time we've got a peptic ulcer. *IOle!*

The Badger is for those who still respond to nature's Pavlovian trilling, seeing red at the silliest things, and some not so silly things. Relax — leave the bashing to us. Experience the thrill of the unfettered id vicariously. Let the Badger do your acting out. We offer a wide selection of psychopaths, psychotics, and even more esoteric personality disorders.

Here's where the guy in the double-knit plaid trousers rises shaking, veins standing out on his forehead, adam's apple bobbing,

and chokingly exclaims (or perhaps I am just talking to myself) "Where does this charcoal briquet get off making fun of the mentally ill? There's nothing funny about the situation to someone suffering from acute depression. (Not to mention a split personality.)"

Quite right. Mental illness is a serious problem. We will strive to deal with it accurately and honestly.

Which isn't to say we can't have fun. "Everything human is pathetic. The secret source of Humor itself is not joy but sorrow." And Mark Twain should know, because most of his adult life was one long bout of serious depression.



But it's a long way from depression to out and out psychosis, and your humble creative team shall attempt to bridge the gap with various middle-level disorders. Take psychopaths — these are some bad dudes.

Psychopaths generally find their emotions freezing at the adolescent level, regardless how long they live. They know the difference between right and wrong — but they do not *feel* it. In fact, they don't feel any emotions beyond anger and immediate self-gratification. They wouldn't know love if it bit them on the ass. They think life is a big con-game with no rules, and it's cool to get ahead by whatever means.

Look around you — many people you know have at times exhibited

psychopathic behavior. You may do it yourself. Ham is a psychopath.

But a psychotic — ah! A psychotic honestly does not know the difference between right and wrong, usually because he or she has been warped by some brutal childhood experience. The Badger could be knocking some dude's medulla out with a nine iron and



think he's fixing tea. In fact, such is often the case.

And if you don't think that's rich material for humor, you're one sick dude! Yow!

— Mike Baron

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**A FIRST COMICS
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PROLOGUE
MAY, 1982. THE BADGER APPEARS
IN MADISON, WISCONSIN...

...SEVERELY BEATING TWO
TEEN-AGED BOYS HE CATCHES
ABUSING DUCKS...

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW,
HE IS EVERYWHERE--PUNCH-
ING OUT LITTERBUGS, MAIM-
ING JAYWALKERS, AND CON-
QUSSING THE OCCASIONAL
MUGGER...

NEXT TIME, FILL
OUT THE GODDAMN
CHECK BEFORE YOU
GET IN LINE!

PEOPLE ARE
TRYING TO
SLEEP, JACK!

UNGH!

WHAP!

THE BADGER IS FINALLY AP-
PREHENDED VANDALIZING A
DOUBLE-PARKED CAR IN RUSH
HOUR. HE IS NORBERT SYKES,
A MUCH DECORATED VIETNAM
VETERAN, BUT HE CLAIMS TO BE
THE BADGER, A CRIME FIGHTER.

MISTER SYKES, I'M REMAND-
ING YOU TO NAKOMA STATE
HOSPITAL FOR A PERIOD OF
NOT LESS THAN 60 DAYS,
TO DETERMINE...

...WHETHER YOU
ARE COMPETENT
TO STAND TRIAL
ON THESE
CHARGES...

NOW JUST
A SECOND, YOUR
HONOR...

SHUT
UP, YOU
JACKASS!

THE BADGER HAS DIFFICULTY ADJUSTING.

GO AHEAD, FRUITCAKE! BANG YOUR HEAD AGAINST THE WALL!

HAVING FUN, SYKSIE? YOU OUGHTTA SAVE YOUR ENERGY--YOU'RE SCHEDULED FOR HYDRO-SHOCK THERAPY IN AN HOUR.

GRADUALLY, THE BADGER RETREATS INTO HIMSELF. HE SHOWS AN INTEREST IN DESIGNING AND SEWING HIS OWN CLOTHES. THE STAFF KEEPS CONFISCATING HIS NEEDLES, BUT HE ALWAYS SEEMS TO GET NEW ONES.

IN AN ADJACENT CELL, A HUMAN VEGETABLE SITS. HE HAD BEEN DISCOVERED WANDERING A STATE HIGHWAY NAKED.

JUNE, 1983. PSYCHOTHERAPIST DAISY FIELDS ARRIVES AT NAKOMA STATE, FRESH OUT OF COLLEGE.

WELCOME TO THE BOOBY MATCH, MISS FIELDS.

WHAT DOCTOR? I'M HIRED MUSCLE! COME ON, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO OUR MYSTERY MAN...

THANKS. ARE YOU A DOCTOR?

THE MYSTERY MAN BECOMES ONE OF DAISY'S PRIORITIES.

SNAP OUT OF IT, YOU BIG SIDE OF BEEF!

ALAS, THE MAN REMAINS MUTE...

BUT THE MYSTERY MAN IS FAR FROM INACTIVE. TELEPATHICALLY COMMUNICATING WITH THE BADGER, HE REVEALS HIMSELF TO BE A FIFTH CENTURY WELSH DRUID NAMED HAM, KICKED OUT OF HIS PLACE AND TIME BY OUTRAGED NEIGHBORS. HE'S GOT NASTY HABITS!

THE TWO AGREE TO HELP EACH OTHER. HAM TELLS THE BADGER WHAT TO DO...

A PLEASURE.

THE BADGER.

I'M WILLING TO TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR MY ACTIONS, DOCTOR. I'M VERY SORRY ABOUT ALL THE TROUBLE I'VE CAUSED.

FASCINATING. GO ON.

AS A RESULT, NORBERT SYKES IS JUDGED CURED, AND RELEASED.

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, DOCTOR.

GOD BLESS YOU, NORBERT.

AT LONG LAST, HAM SPEAKS.

YOU MUST NOT BE SO EASILY DISCOURAGED, MISS FIELDS.

Gasp!

DOCTOR! THE MYSTERY MAN IS A FIFTH CENTURY DRUID!

YOU'RE AS CRAZY AS HE IS!

FRUSTRATED AT WORK, DAISY AGREES TO BECOME HAM'S PERSONAL SECRETARY FOR A SUBSTANTIAL INCREASE IN SALARY. HAM WASTES NO TIME IN BUILDING A PERSONAL FORTUNE.

THIS IS THE WINNING TICKET, I BELIEVE. WORTHY!

YEAH, SURE... HOLY COW!!

HAM ADAPTS TO THE 20TH CENTURY LIKE A FOX TO A THICKET.

\$WIN \$500,000 INST

IS THE BADGER
CURED? IT DE-
PENDS ON YOUR
POINT OF VIEW...

YAAAAAAAAAAAAH

GREETINGS
FROM THE LAND
OF BEATINGS!

JBH GO
CLUB

BAFF!

HAM PURCHASES A TRANS-
PLANTED CASTLE NEAR
BARNEVELD, WISCONSIN,
AND INSTALLS DAISY, THE
BADGER, AND A LOT OF
BUSINESS HARDWARE. HE
BEGINS EXPERIMENTING
WITH THE WEATHER, USING
BLOOD SACRIFICE.

MAY, 1984. ATTEMPT-
ING TO STOP HAM FROM
SLAUGHTERING A
PIT BULL, THE BADGER
WINS A ONE-WAY TRIP
TO LIMBO.*

12/1/1984

WHOOPS!

JUNE, 1984. A TORNADO
WIPES OUT BARNEVELD,
KILLING EIGHT PEOPLE.

HAM'S CASTLE
IS STRUCK!

11th LANDING IN
NEXUS 6 AND 7

BUT THAT'S ALL
BEHIND US NOW!
THE BADGER
GOT HIS ASS
KICKED BACK
INTO HIS OWN
REALITY...

SO LONG,
LARRY!

HAM'S CASTLE
IS REBUILT...

NO RECRIMINATIONS
OVER YOUR UNFORTUN-
ATE SOJOURN, I
TRUST?

HUHE

BUMP!

AND NOW OUR
DOUGHTY CREW
IS READY TO
SPREAD MAYHEM
AND MENTAL ILL-
NESS ONCE AGAIN!

WHAT
ARE YOU
STARING AT,
LARRY?

NORBERT,
YOU CAN
CONTROL
YOUR ANGER
IF YOU
WANT.

MIKE
BARON
WRITER

BILL
REINHOLD
PENCILER

JEFF
DEE
INKER

JOHN
WORKMAN
LETTERER

RICK
TAYLOR
COLORIST

RICHARD
BRUNING &
EDITORS

MIKE
GOLD

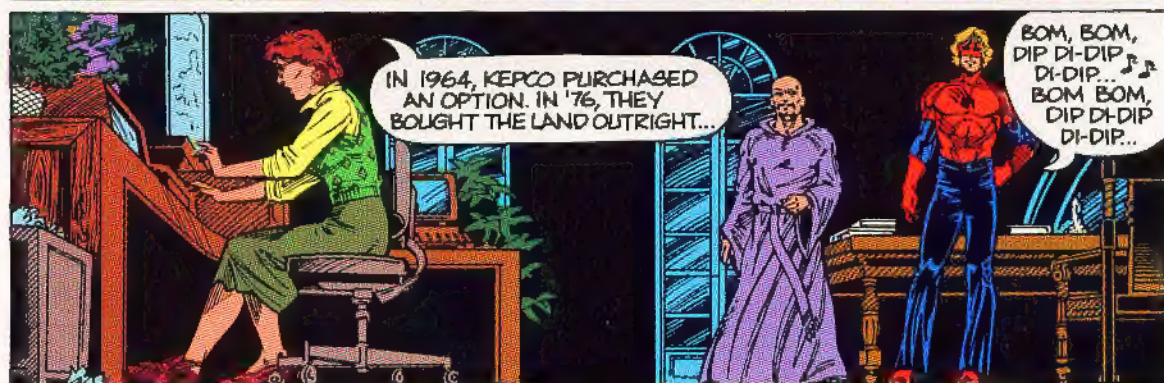
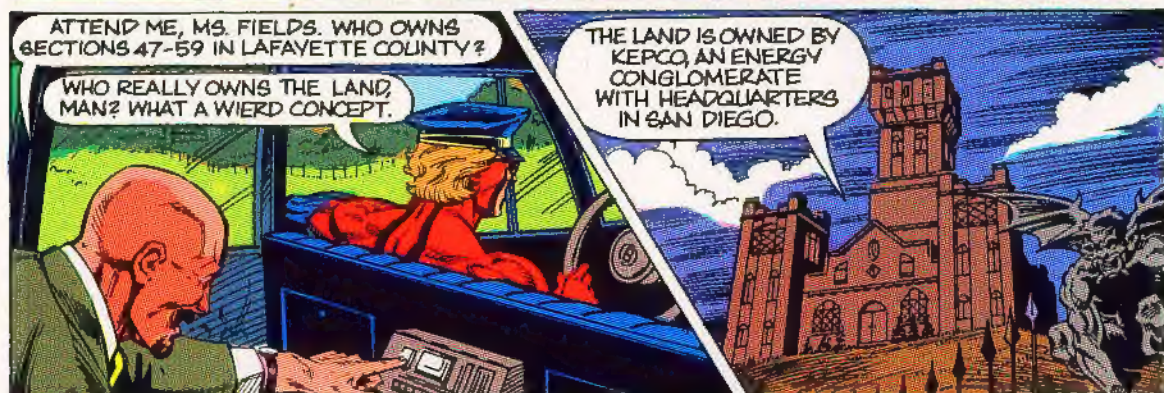
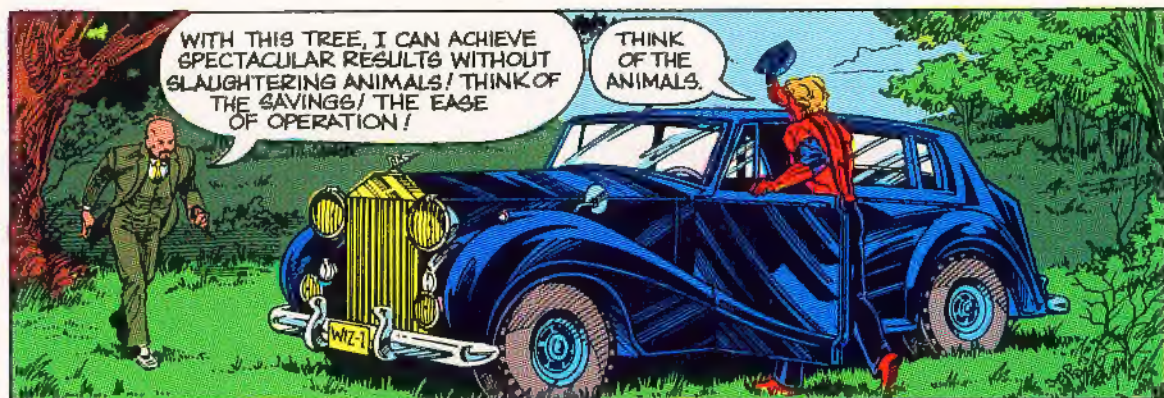
THE BADGER

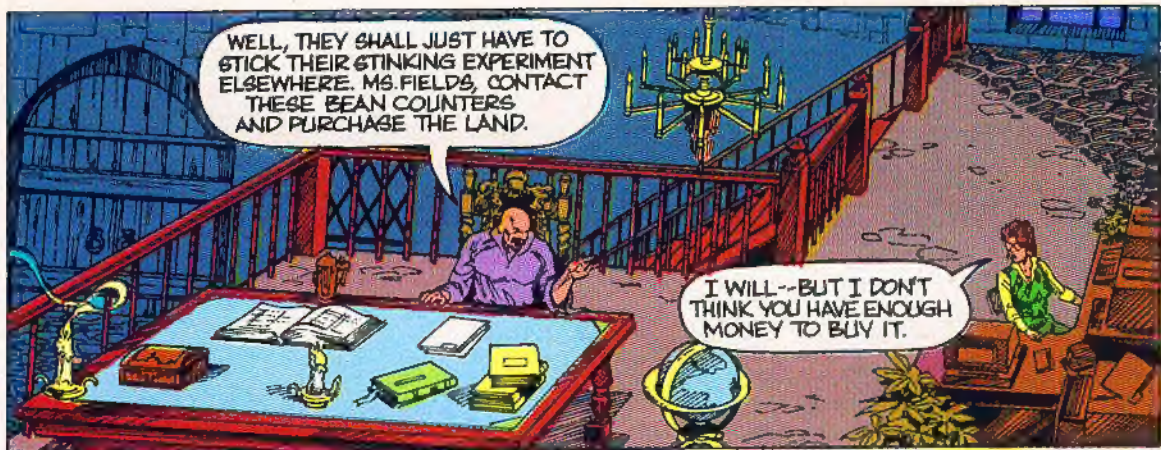
BEHOLD! HOW BOLD!
HOW NOBLE AND
GNARLED AND OLD!

AN OAK--NO JOKE.
SO DON'T
HAVE A STROKE.

THIS TREE IS AS OLD AS
I AM... ITS EMANATIONS,
SALUBRIOUS AND WIDE-
RANGING. IT SUMMONED ME
FROM ACROSS THE STATE!

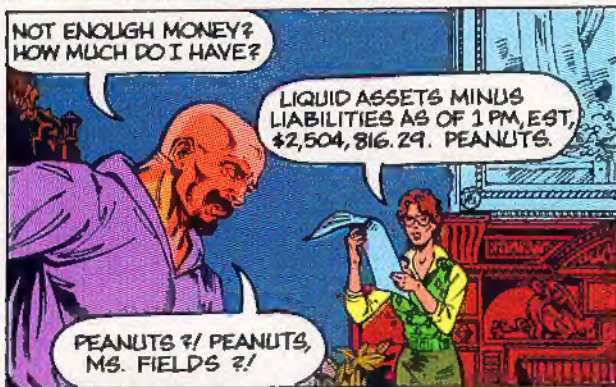
NO, NO... WE'RE
ONLY 65 MILES
FROM THE
CASTLE. YOU
MUSTN'T
EXAGGERATE.





WELL, THEY SHALL JUST HAVE TO STICK THEIR STINKING EXPERIMENT ELSEWHERE. MS. FIELDS, CONTACT THESE BEAN COUNTERS AND PURCHASE THE LAND.

I WILL--BUT I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY IT.



NOT ENOUGH MONEY? HOW MUCH DO I HAVE?

LIQUID ASSETS MINUS LIABILITIES AS OF 1 PM, EST, \$2,504,816.29. PEANUTS.

PEANUTS ?/ PEANUTS, MS. FIELDS ?/



SPANISH PEANUTS. THE KIND YOU GET AT WOOLWORTHS.

WELL, MAKE THEM AN OFFER. LET'S PROCEED IN A REASONABLE MANNER. BADGER ?



WHAT ?

SEE THAT THE BENTLEY IS WASHED AND WAXED? THEN MEET ME ON THE VERANDA FOR STRATEGY.

SORRY, LARRY. I'M GOING INTO TOWN. FIND SOMEONE TO HIT.

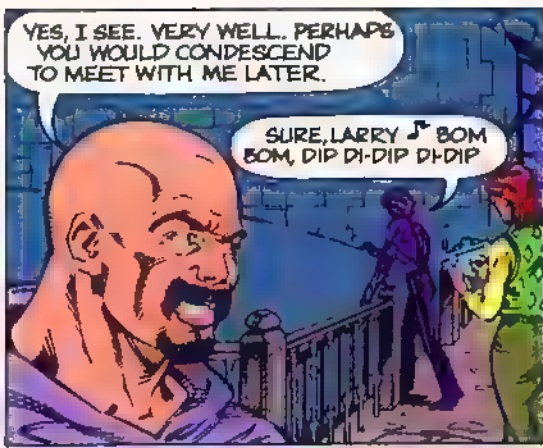


LARRY ? WHO IS LARRY, SIR ?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN ?

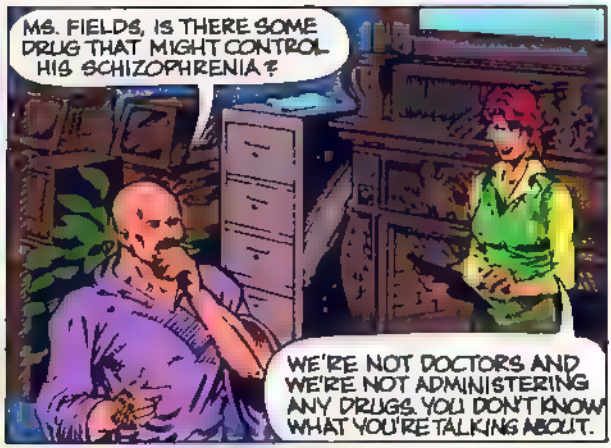
YOU CALLED ME LARRY.

NO I DIDN'T.



YES, I SEE. VERY WELL. PERHAPS YOU WOULD CONDESCEND TO MEET WITH ME LATER.

SURE, LARRY ♪ BOM BOM, DIP DI-DIP DI-DIP



MS. FIELDS, IS THERE SOME DRUG THAT MIGHT CONTROL HIS SCHIZOPHRENIA?

WE'RE NOT DOCTORS AND WE'RE NOT ADMINISTERING ANY DRUGS. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.



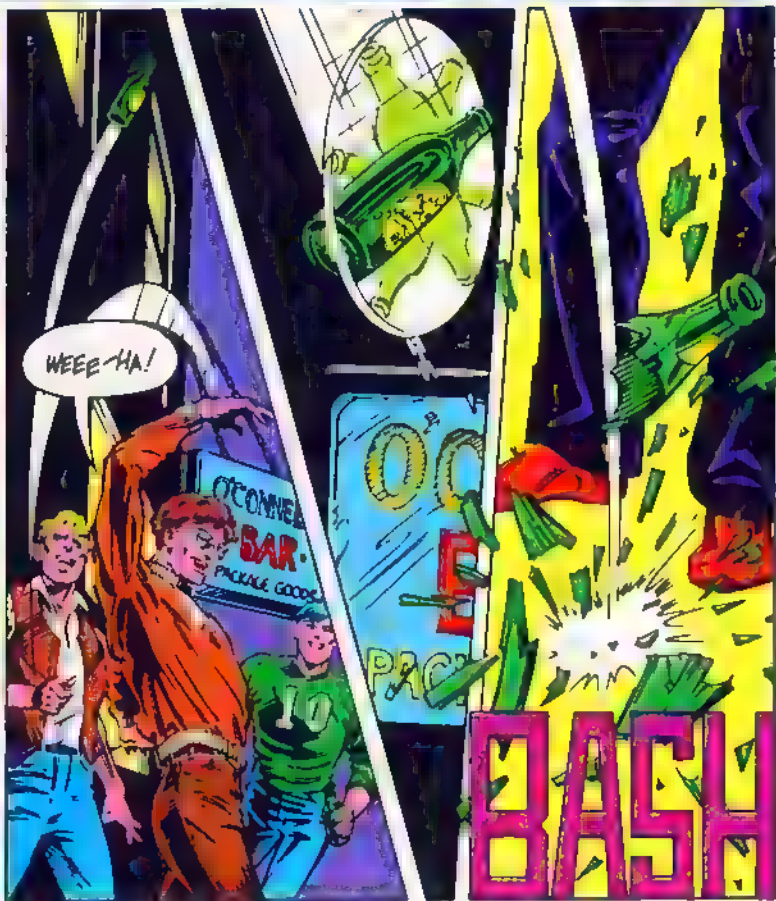
I KNOW A LOON WHEN IT CRIES IN MY EAR.

JUST OFF CAMPUS

99 BOTTLES OF BEER ON THE WALL... BELCH!

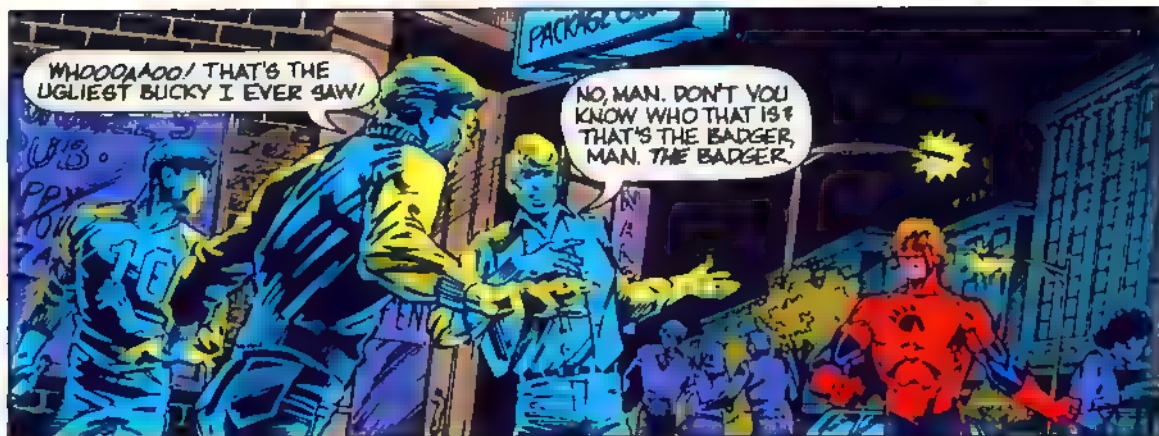


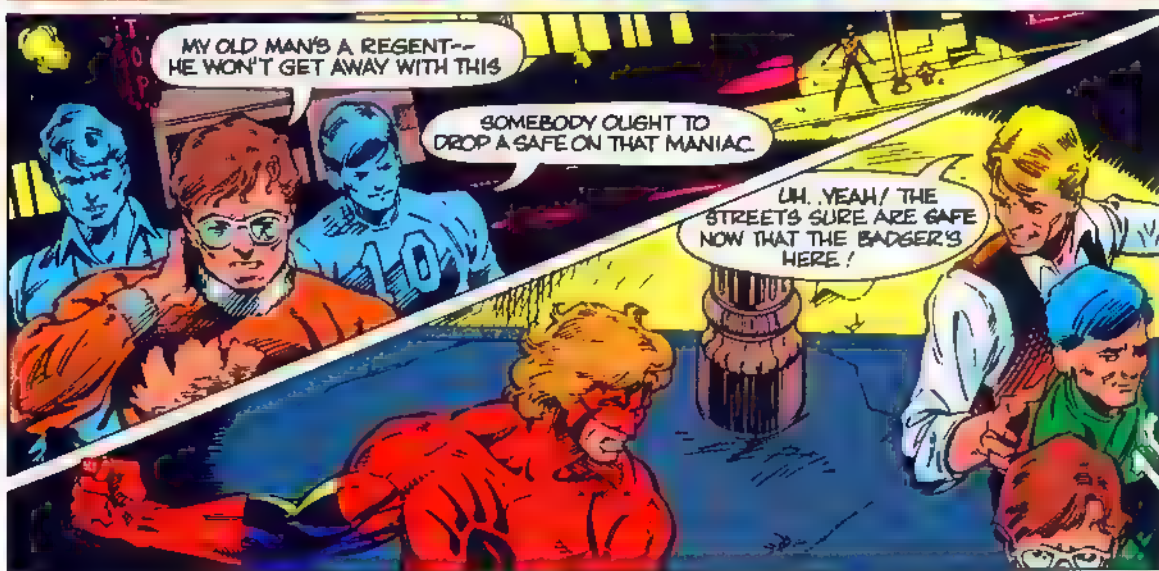
HEY STEVE, LET'S GO TO YOUR PLACE AND TURN YOUR SPEAKERS OUT ON THE LAWN AND PLAY THE NEW LOVERBOY ALBUM!

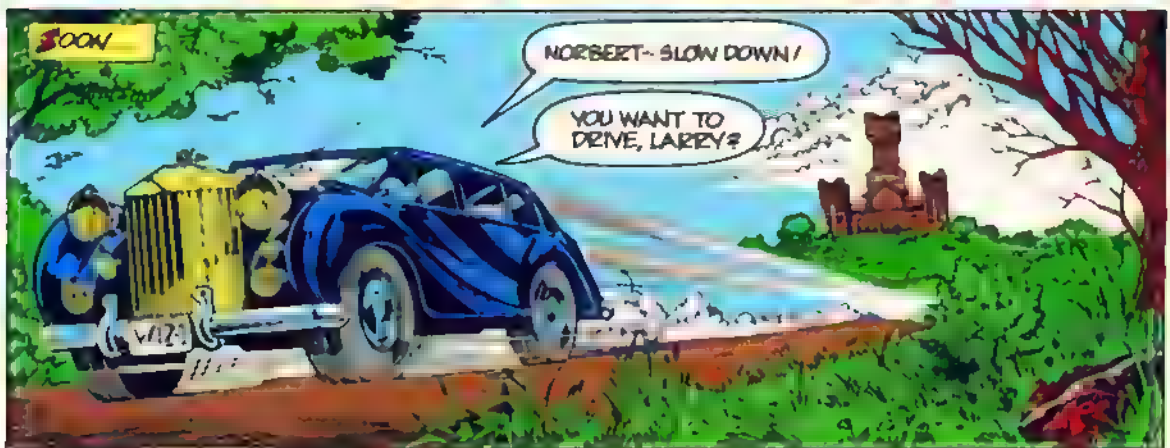


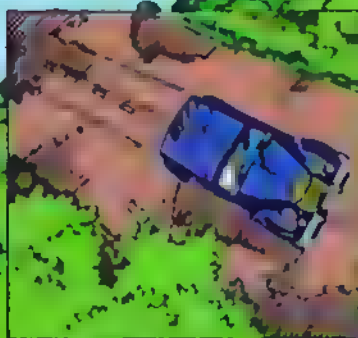
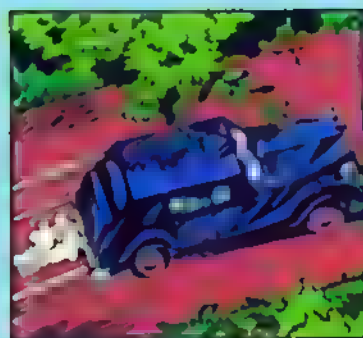
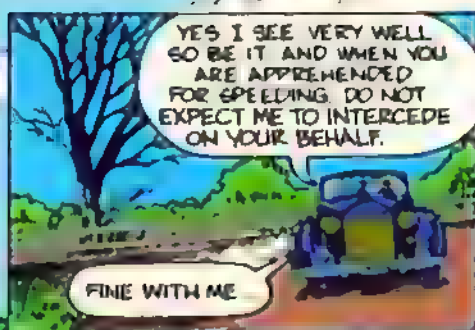
WEEE-HA!

BASH





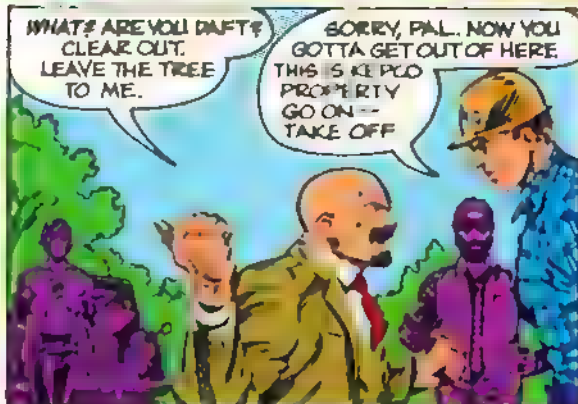






FELLOW--TELL ME--WHAT
IS THE FATE OF YON TREE?

TREE'S GOTTA GO
HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE?



WHAT? ARE YOU DAFT?
CLEAR OUT.
LEAVE THE TREE
TO ME.

SORRY, PAL. NOW YOU
GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE.
THIS IS KE PLO
PROPERTY
GO ON--
TAKE OFF



COME ON--YOU CAN'T
HYPNOTIZE EVERYONE



I MEANT IT, MR. CLEAN.
YOU AND THE BALLET
DANCER ARE TRESPASSING.



BWAK-BWAK-
B-B-B BWAACK!

VAN-HEY
VAN! YOU OKAY?



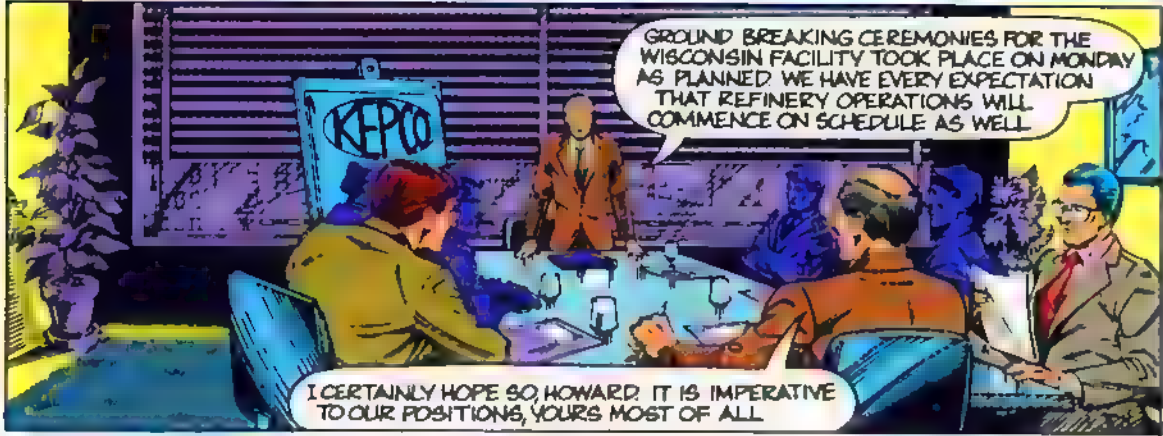
ZOUNDS! I SHOULD HAVE
INSTRUCTED YOU TO MAIM THE
LOT OF THEM! STOP THE
CAR! TURN AROUND!

THAT WON'T DO ANY GOOD
THE GUYS YOU WANT ARE IN



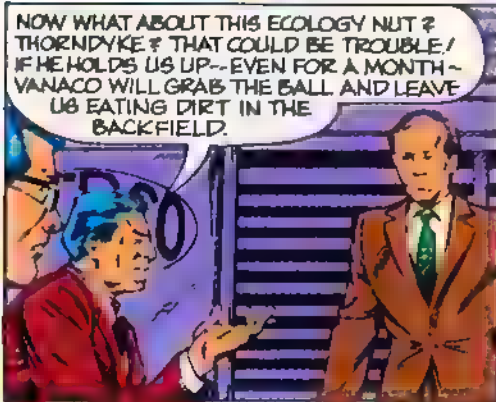
SAN DIEGO

GENTLEMEN, THE WEEKLY MEETING OF THE KEPCO EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE IS HEREBY CALLED TO ORDER.

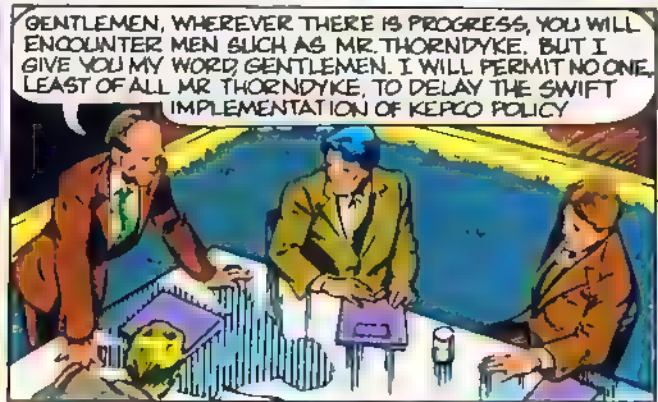


GROUND BREAKING CEREMONIES FOR THE WISCONSIN FACILITY TOOK PLACE ON MONDAY AS PLANNED. WE HAVE EVERY EXPECTATION THAT REFINERY OPERATIONS WILL COMMENCE ON SCHEDULE AS WELL.

I CERTAINLY HOPE SO, HOWARD. IT IS IMPERATIVE TO OUR POSITIONS, YOURS MOST OF ALL.



NOW WHAT ABOUT THIS ECOLOGY NUT? THORNDYKE? THAT COULD BE TROUBLE! IF HE HOLDS US UP-- EVEN FOR A MONTH-- VANACO WILL GRAB THE BALL AND LEAVE US EATING DIRT IN THE BACKFIELD.



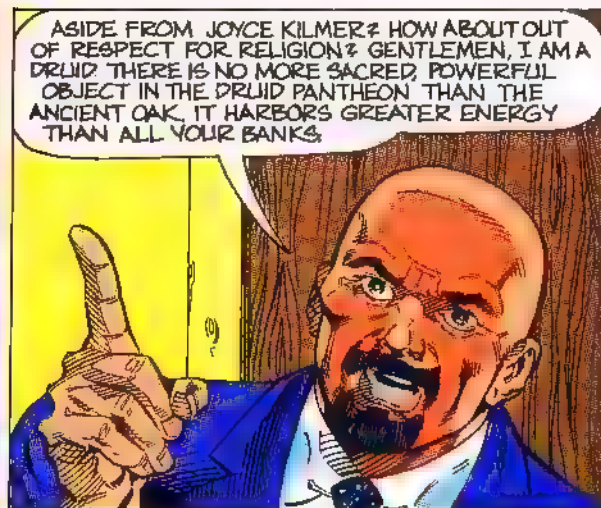
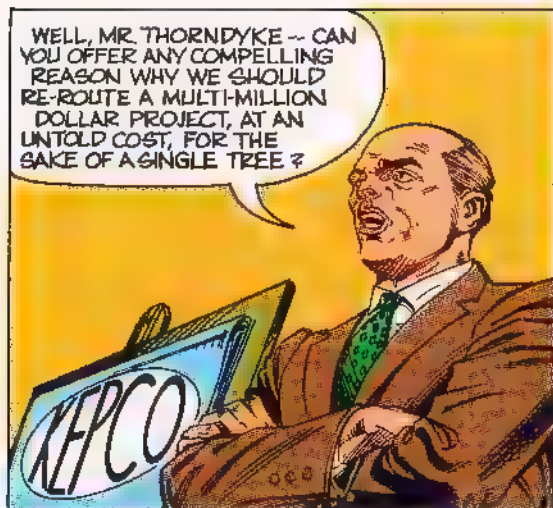
GENTLEMEN, WHEREVER THERE IS PROGRESS, YOU WILL ENCOUNTER MEN SUCH AS MR. THORNDYKE. BUT I GIVE YOU MY WORD, GENTLEMEN. I WILL PERMIT NO ONE, LEAST OF ALL MR. THORNDYKE, TO DELAY THE SWIFT IMPLEMENTATION OF KEPCO POLICY.



PEACEFUL NUCLEAR FUSION, GENTLEMEN, IS THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE. AND KEPCO IS HANGING TEN.



CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP



ONE WEEK LATER

I KNEW IT, I KNEW IT
HE'S OUT TO GET ME --
I'VE GOT TO BEAT HIM
TO THE PUNCH
GET ME BART MCGEE
IN MELBOURNE

BAD NEWS, MR KOENIG
THORNDYKE'S LAWYER HAS
GOT IRS TIED UP IN
KNOTS. THORNDYKE
DOESN'T SEEM CONCERNED
IN THE SLIGHTEST.



MELBOURNE

WE'LL BE THERE TOMORROW, MR
KOENIG. SEPARATE FLIGHTS, OF COURSE.

I KNEW I COULD
COUNT ON YOU, BART

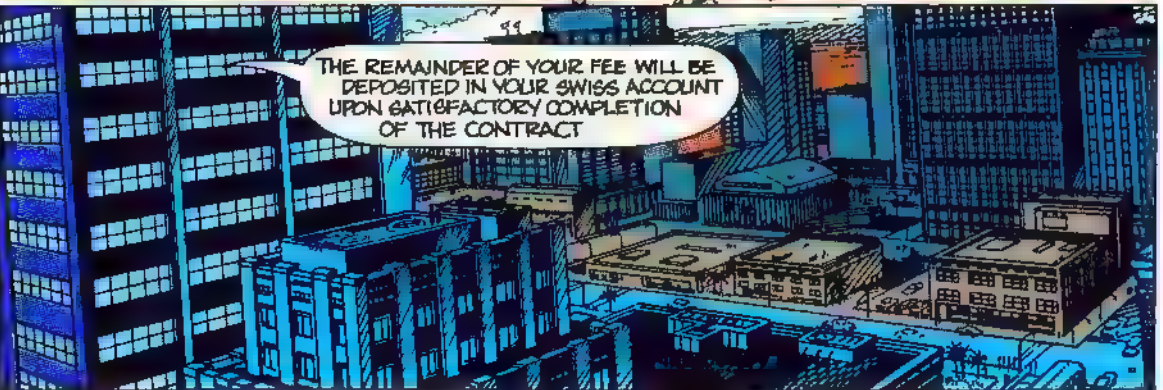
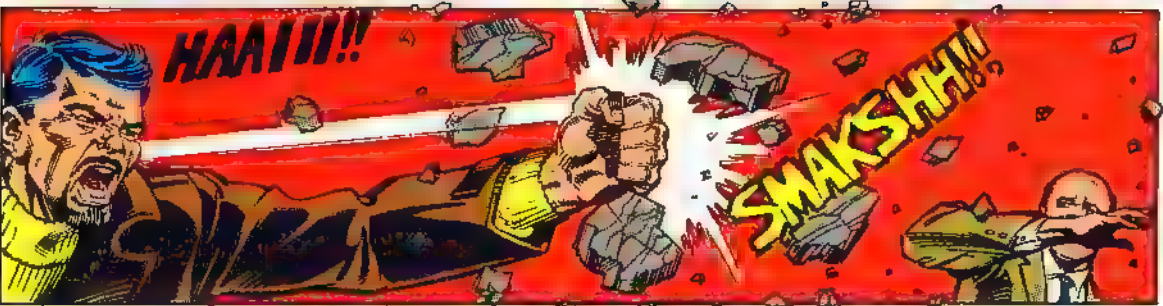
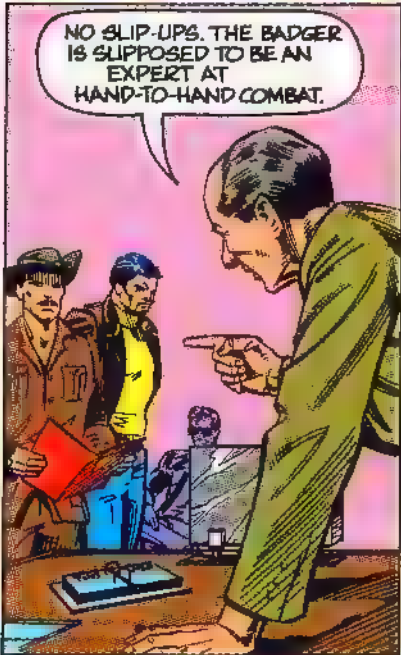
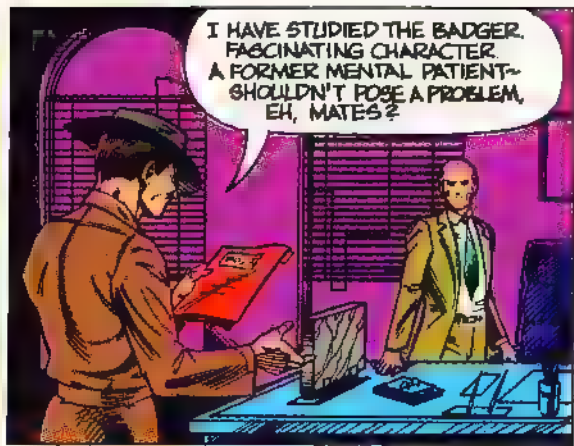


SAN DIEGO

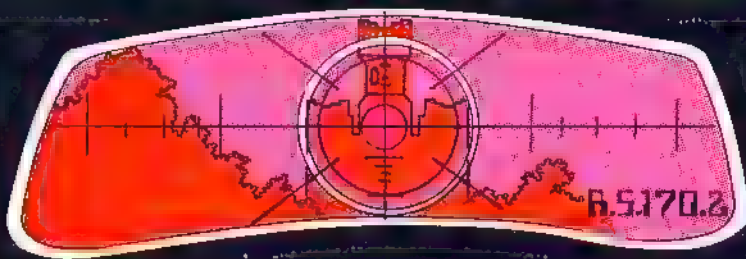
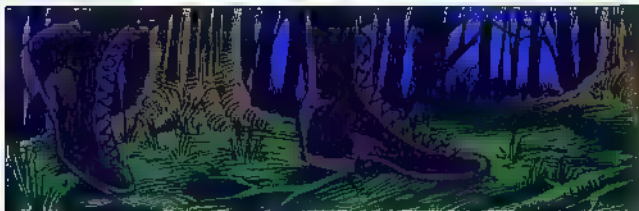
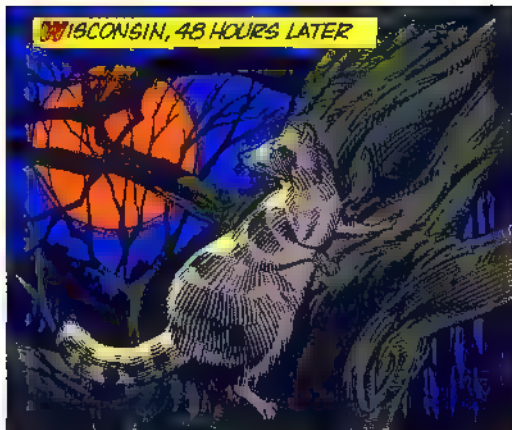
WHATEVER THE JOB, MR KOENIG,
WE'VE GOT THE EXPERTISE. WE CAN
TAKE THE MAN OUT SURGICALLY
OR WE CAN BRING DOWN A
SKYSCRAPER, YOU TELL US.

I WANT THIS THORNDYKE ELIMINATED.
I WANT IT TO LOOK LIKE THE WORK OF A
GANG OF HOMICIDAL MANIACS --
HIPPIES ON ACID. "OFF THE PIG" AND ALL
THAT JAZZ YOU BUST IN AND
WIPE OUT THE HOUSEHOLD.

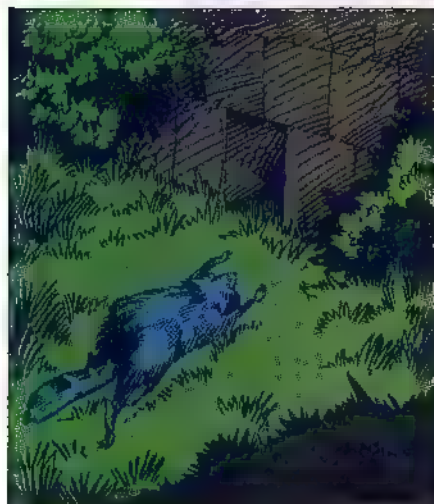


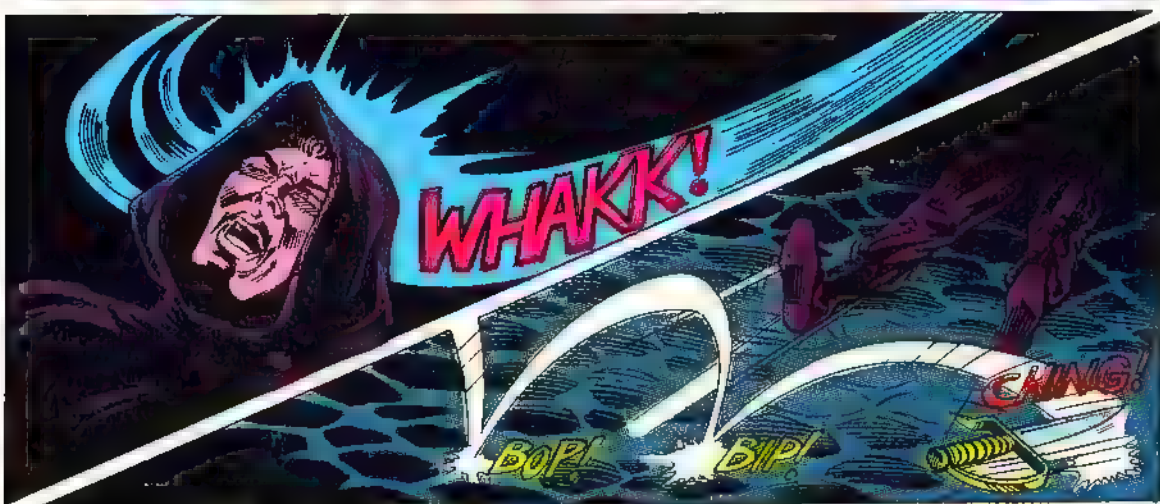
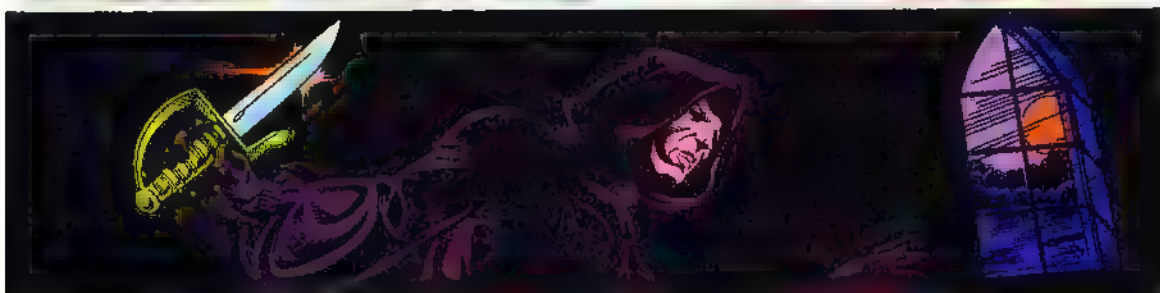
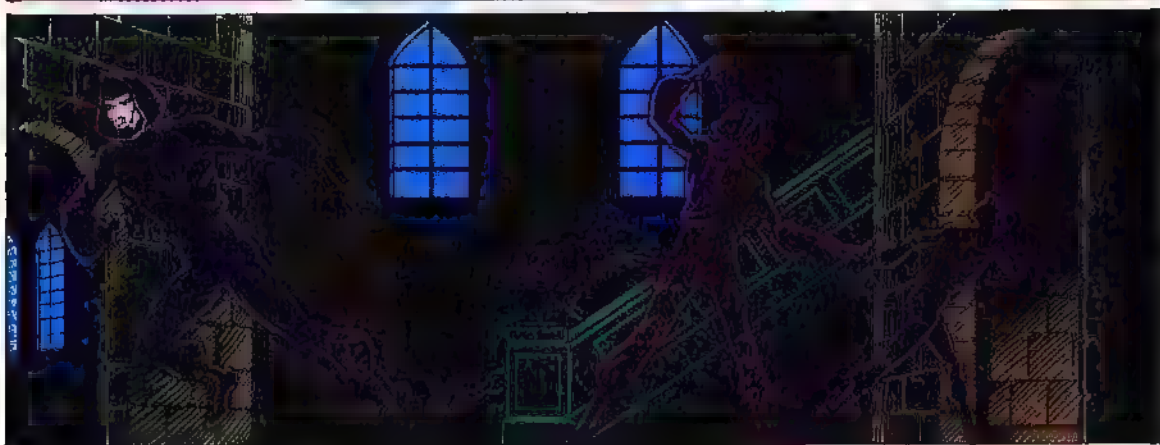


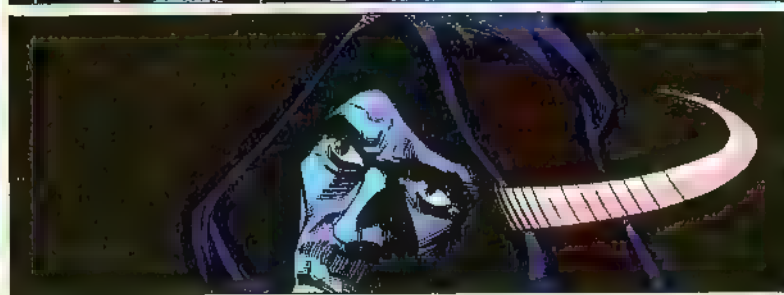
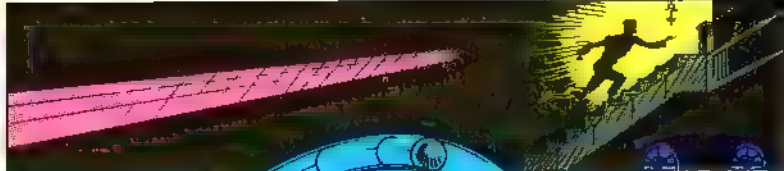
WISCONSIN, 48 HOURS LATER

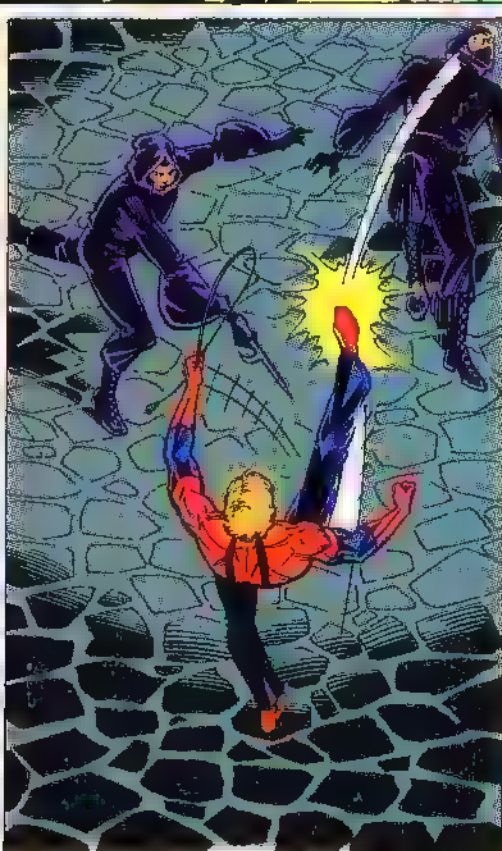
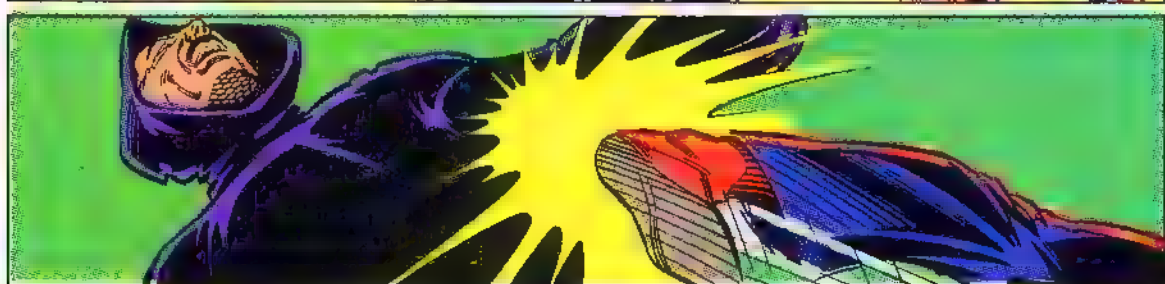
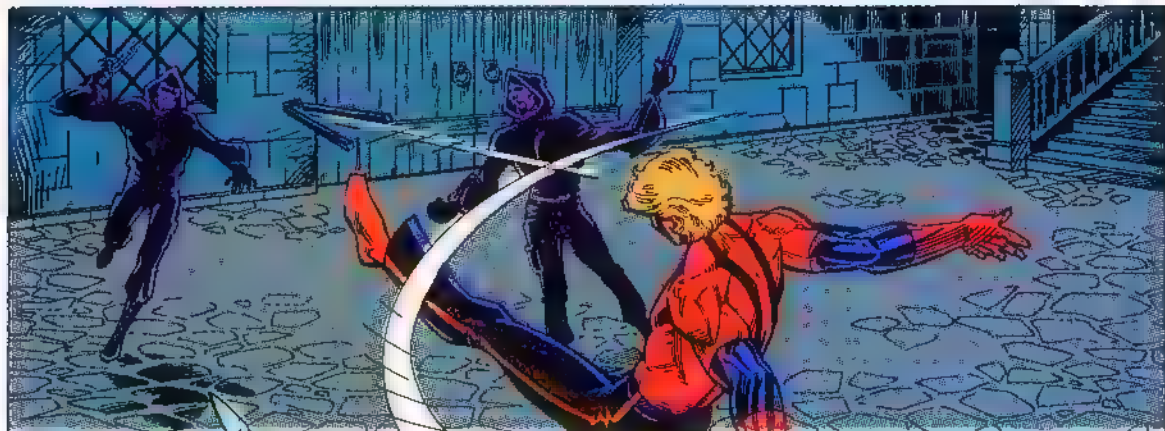


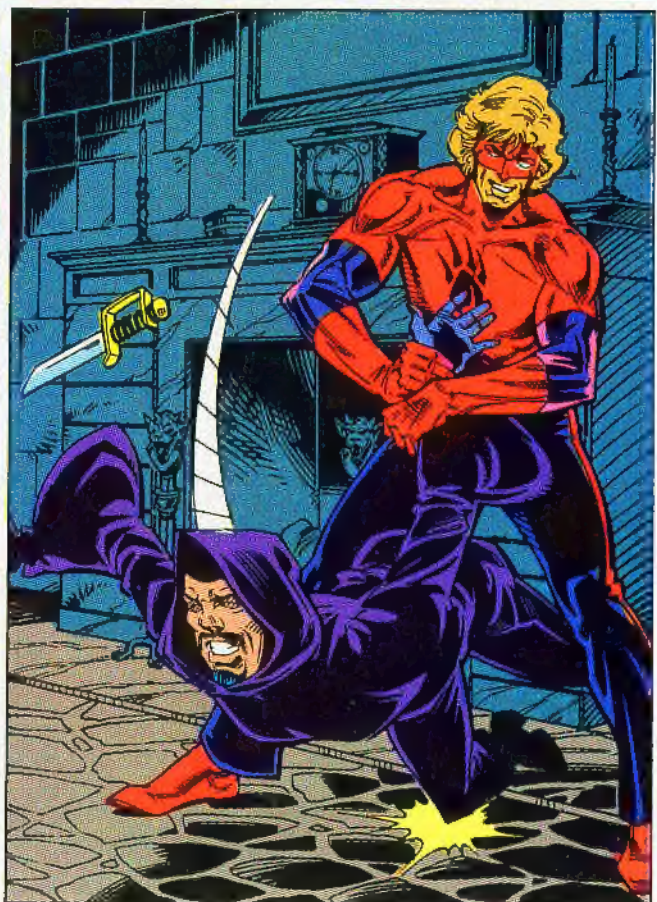
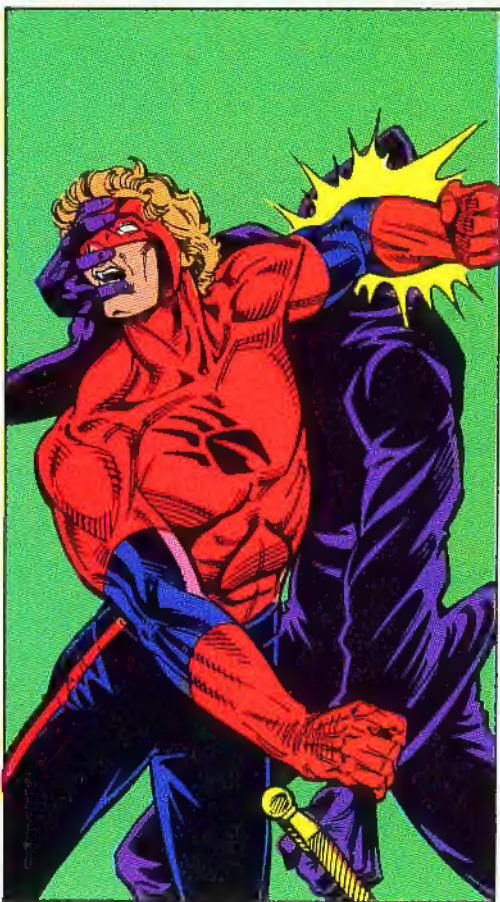
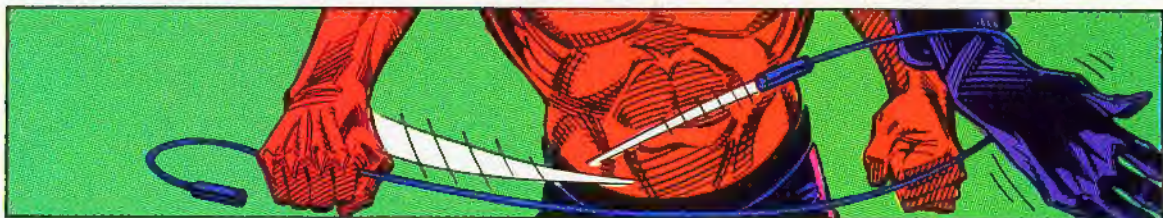
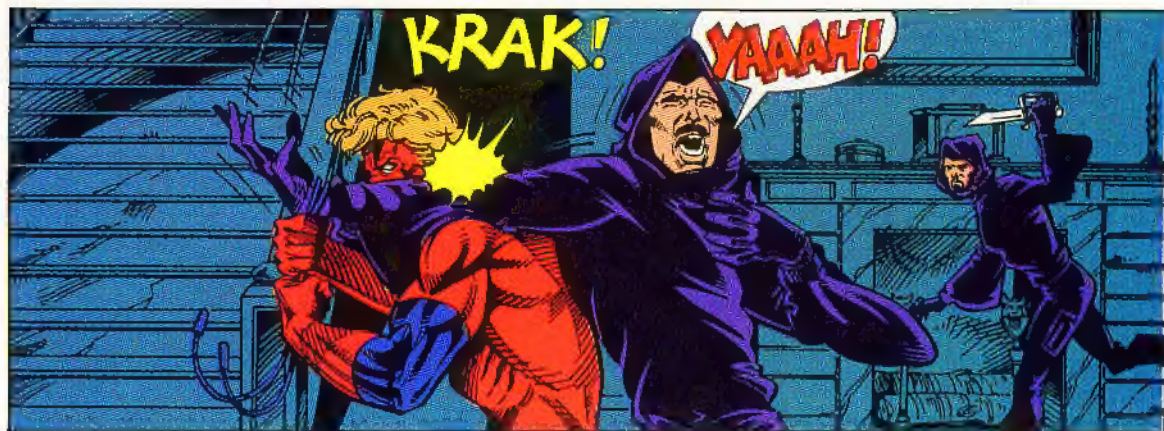
MOVE OUT, MATES.
NOT A WORD 'TIL WE'RE
BACK AT THE
RENDEZVOUS.

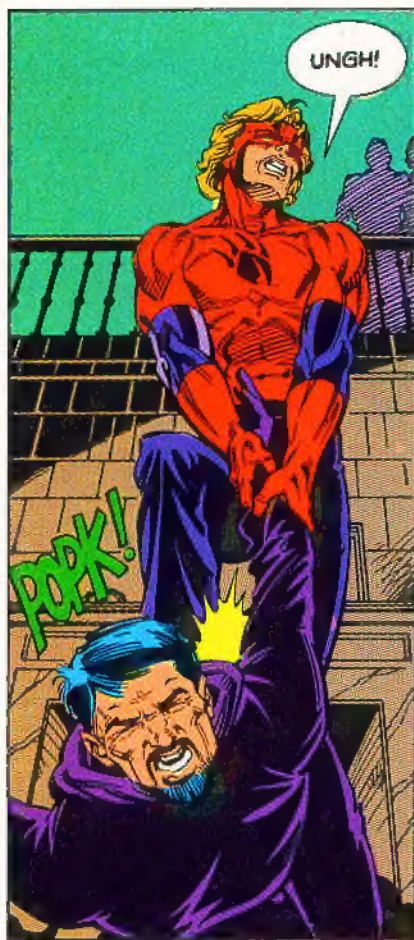












UNGH!

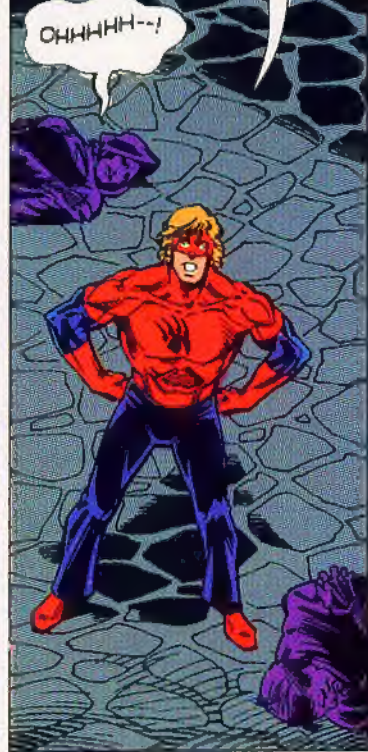
A PRETTY PIECE OF BUSINESS. BEATS "THE BOB NEWHART SHOW," AT ANY RATE.

NO NO NO
NO NO NO
NO NO NO.

I'M CALLING
THE POLICE.

I LIKE TO BREAK AN ARM
OR A LEG -- THAT WAY, YOU
DON'T HAVE THESE CLOWNS
GETTING UP OFF THE DECK
LATER, PUTTING A HURT
ON SOMEONE.

OH-H-H-H-H--!



WELL, I'M GOING TO
PHONE A DOCTOR.

MS. FIELDS, YOU'LL
DO NO SUCH THING.



THESE MEN HAVE NO WISH
TO EXPLAIN THEMSELVES
TO THE AUTHORITIES...
CORRECT ME IF I
AM WRONG, SIR.



YOU GOT THAT RIGHT,
MATE. (UNGH!) WE'LL
BE GOING QUIET LIKE,
IF YOU'LL LET US,

TAKE A DEEP
BREATH.

